

M A N N E R S:

A

S A T I R E.

By Mr. WHITEHEAD. (Paul)

Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus MORIBUS esto.

JUVENALIS



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S. A. T. R. E.



D. M. WHITEHEAD.

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A

S A T I R E.

WELL--- of all Plagues which make
Mankind their Sport,
Guard me, Ye Heav'ns! from that worst
Plague --- a Court.

'Midst the mad Mansions of *Moorfields*, I'd be
A Straw-crown'd Monarch, in mock Majesty;
Rather than sovereign rule *Britannia's* Fate,
Curs'd with the Follies and the Farce of State.
Rather in *Newgate-Walls*, O! let me dwell,
A doleful Tenant of the darkling Cell,
Than swell in Palaces the mighty Store
Of Fortune's Fools, and Parasites of Pow'r.
Than Crowns, Ye Gods! be any Fate my Doom
Or any Dungeon; but --- a Drawing Room.

Thrice

' Thrice happy *Patriot*, whom no Courts debase
 ' No Titles lessen, and no Stars disgrace.
 ' Still nod the Plumage o'er the brainless Head;
 ' Still o'er the faithless Heart the Riband spread.
 ' Such Toys may serve to signalize the Tool,
 ' To gild the Knave, or garnish out the Fool;
 ' While, You, with *Roman* Virtue arm'd, disdain
 ' The tinsel Trappings and the glitt'ring Chain:
 ' Fond of your Freedom spurn the venal Fee,
 ' And prove He's only *Great* --- who dares be *Free*.

Thus sung *Philemon* in his calm Retreat,
 Too wise for Pow'r, too virtuous to be great.

But whence this Rage at Courts? reply'd his Grace.
 Say, is the mighty Crime, to be in Place?
 Is that the deadly Sin, mark'd out by Heav'n,
 For which no Mortal e'er can be forgiv'n?
 Must All, All suffer, who in Courts engage,
 Down from Lord Steward, to the puny Page?
 Can Courts and Places be such sinful Things?
 The sacred Gifts and Palaces of Kings.

A Place may claim our Rev'rence, Sir, I own;
 But then the Man its Dignity must crown:

'Tis



'Tis not the Truncheon, or the Ermine's Pride,
 Can skreen the Coward, or the Knave can hide.
 Let STAIR and † *** head our Arms and Law,
 The Judge and Gen'ral must be view'd with Awe:
 The Villain then would shudder at the Bar;
 And *Spain* grow humble at the Sound of War.

What Courts are sacred? when I tell your Grace,
 MANNERS alone must sanctify the Place.
 Hence only each its proper Name receives;
Haywood's a Brothel; * *White's* a Den of Thieves:
 Bring Whores and Thieves to Court, you change the
 Scene,
 St. J---s turns the Brothel, and the Den.

Who would the courtly Chappel holy call,
 Tho' the whole Bench should consecrate the Wall?
 While the trim Chaplain, conscious of a See,
 Cries out my King, "I have no God but Thee":
 Lifts to the Royal Seat the asking Eye,
 And pays to *George* the Tribute of the Sky;
 B Proves

† It is to be lamented that the Barrenness of the present Times, obliges the Author to trust to Posterity, for the Supply of a proper Character in this Place.

* Dr. SWIFT says, That the late Earl of OXFORD, in the Time of his Ministry, never pass'd by *White's* Chocolate-House (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers and noble Cullies) without bestowing a Curse upon that famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *English Nobility*.

Proves Sin alone from humble Roofs must spring
Nor can one earthly Failing stain a King.

Bishops and Kings may consecrate, 'tis true;
MANNERS alone claim Homage as their Due.
Without, the Court and Church are both prophane
Whatever Prelate preach, or Monarch reign;
Religious Rostrum, *Virtue's* Scaffold grows,
And Crowns and Mitres are mere Raree-shows.

In vain behold yon rev'rend Turrets rise,
And *Sarum's* sacred Spire salute the Skies:
If the lawn'd *Levite's* earthly Vote be sold,
And God's free Gift retail'd for *Mammon* Gold;
No Rev'rence can the proud Cathedral claim,
But *Henley's* Shop, and *Sherlock's* are the same.

Whence have St. *Stephen's* Walls so hallow'd been?
Whence? From the Virtue of his Sons within.
But should some guileful Serpent, void of Grace,
Glide in its Bounds, and poison all the Place;
Should e'er the sacred Voice be fet to Sale,
And o'er the Heart the golden Fruit prevail;
The Place is alter'd, Sir, nor think it strange,
To see the Senate sink into a Change.

Or Court, or Church, or Senate-house, or Hall,
 MANNERS alone beam Dignity on all.
 Without their Influence, Palaces are Cells ;
 * *Crane-Court* a Magazine of Cockle-shells ;
 The solemn Bench no Bosom strikes with Awe,
 But *Westminster's* a Warehouse of the Law.

These honest Truths, my Lord, deny who can ;
 Since all allow that "MANNERS *make the MAN*".
 Hence only Glories to the Great belong,
 Or Peers must mingle with the peasant Throng.

Tho' strung with Ribands yet behold his Grace
 Shines but a Lacquey in a higher Place :
 Strip the gay Liv'ry from the Courtier's Back,
 What marks the Difference'twixt *My Lord* and *Jack*?
 The same mean, supple, mercenary Knave,
 The Tool of Power, and of State the Slave :
 Alike the vassal Heart in each prevails,
 And all his Lordship boasts is larger Vales.

Wealth, Manors, Titles may descend 'tis true,
 But ev'ry Heir must *Merit's* Claim renew.

Who

Who blushes not to see a C----- Heir
 Turn Slave to Sound, and languish for a † Play'r?
 What piping, fidling, squeaking, qua'vring, bawling,
 What sing-song Riot, and what Eunuch-squawling:
 C---, thy Worth all *Italy* shall own,
 A Statesman fit, where * *Nero* fill'd the Throne.

See poor *Lævinus* anxious for Renown,
 Through the long Gallery trace his Lineage down,
 And claim each Hero's Visage for his own. }
 What tho' in each the self-same Features shine,
 Unless some lineal Virtue marks the Line,
 In vain, alas! He boasts his Grandfire's Name,
 Or hopes to borrow Lustre from his Fame.
 Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous Peer
 Point 'mong his Race our Bulwark in the War?
 Or in sad English tell how Senates hung
 On the sweet Music of his Father's Tongue?
 Unconscious, tho' his Sires were wise and brave,
 Their Virtues only find in him a Grave.

Not so with ** *Stanhope*; see by him sustain'd
 Each hoary Honour which his Sires had gain'd.

To

only That living Witness of the Folly, Extravagance and Depravity of the *English*; *Farinello*, who is now at the Court of *Spain* triumphing in the Spoils of our Nobility, as their Pyrates are in those of our injur'd Merchants.

* A Roman Emperor remarkable for his foolish Passion for Musick.

** The Right Honourable the Earl of *Chesterfield*.

To him the Virtues of his Race appear
 The precious Portion of five hundred Year;
 Descended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
 Yet holds the Talent lost, if unemploy'd.
 From hence behold his gen'rous Ardour rise,
 To swell the sacred Stream with fresh Supplies;
 Abroad the Guardian of his Country's Cause;
 At Home a *Tully* to defend her Laws.
 Senates with Awe the patriot Sounds imbibe,
 And bold Corruption almost drops the Bribe.
 Thus adding Worth to Worth, and Grace to Grace,
 He beams new Glories back upon his Race.

Ask ye what's Honour? I'll the Truth impart.
 Know, Honour, then, is Honesty of Heart.
 To the sweet Scenes of social * *Stow* repair,
 And search the Master's Breast,-- You'll find it there.
 Too proud to grace the Sycophant or Slave,
 It only harbours with the Wise and Brave;
 Ungain'd by Titles, Places, Wealth, or Birth:
 Learn this, and learn to blush, ye Sons of Earth!
 Blush to behold this Ray of Nature made
 The Victim of a *Riband*, or *Cockade*.

Ask

* The Seat of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *Cobham*.

Ask the proud Peer, What's Honour? He display
 A purchas'd Patent, or the Herald's Blaze;
 Or if the Royal Smile his Hopes has blest,
 Points to the glitt'ring Glory on his Breast:
 Yet, if beneath no real Virtue reign,
 On the gay Coat the Star is but a Stain:
 For I could whisper in his Lordship's Ear,
 Worth only beams true Radiance on the Star.

Hence see the garter'd Glory dart its Rays,
 And shine round E--- with redoubl'd Blaze:
 Ask ye from whence this Flood of Lustre's seen?
 Why E--- whispers, votes, and saw *Turin*.

Long *Milo* reign'd the Minion of Renown,
 Loud his Eulogiums eccho'd thro' the Town;
 Where'er he went still Crouds around him throng,
 And hail'd the Patriot as he pass'd along.
 See the lost Peer, unhonour'd now by all,
 Steal thro' the Street, or skulk along the *Mall*;
 Applauding Sounds no more salute his Ear,
 But the loud *Pæan*'s sunk into a Sneer.
 Whence you'll enquire could spring a Change so sad?
 Why the poor Man ran military mad:

 By

By this mistaken Maxim still misled,
 That Men of Honour must be cloath'd in Red.
 My Grandfire wore it, *Milo* cries --- 'tis good :
 But know the Grandfire stain'd it red with Blood.
 First midst the deathful Dangers of the Field,
 He shone his Country's Guardian and its Shield;
 Taught *Danube's* Stream with *Gallic* Gore to flow;
 Hence bloom'd the Laurel on the Grandfire's Brow:
 But shall the Son expect the Wreath to wear
 For the mock Triumphs of an *Hyde-Park* War?
 Sooner shall *Bunhill Blenheim's* Glories claim,
 Or *Billers* rival brave *Eugene* in Fame;
 Sooner a like Reward their Labours crown,
 Who storm a Dunghill, and who sack a Town.

Mark our bright Youths how gallant and how gay,
 Fresh plum'd and powder'd in Review array.
 Unspoil'd each Feature by the martial Scar,
 Lo! *A*--- assumes the God of War:
 Yet vain, while prompt to Arms by Plume and Pay,
 He claims the Soldier's Name from Soldier's Play.
 This Truth, my Warriour, treasure in thy Breast,
 A standing Soldier is a standing Jest.
 When bloody Battles dwindle to Reviews,
 Armies must then descend to Puppet-shews;
 By Where

Where the lac'd Log may strut the Soldier's Part,
Bedeck'd with Feather, tho' unarm'd with Heart.

There are who say -- ' You lash the Sins of Men!
' Leave, Leave to *Pope* the Poignance of the Pen;
' Hope not the Bays shall wreath around thy Head,
' *Fannius* may write, but *Flaccus* will be read."

Shall only One have Privilege to blame?

What then, are Vice and Folly Royal Game?

Must all be Poachers who attempt to kill?

All, but the mighty Sovereign of the Quill?

Shall *Pope*, alone, the plenteous Harvest have,

And I not glean one stragling Fool, or Knave?

Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all Mankind;

Say, why should honest Satire be confin'd?

Tho', like th' immortal Bard's, my feeble Dart
Stains not its Feather in the culprit Heart;

Yet know, the smallest Insect of the Wing

The Horse may tease, or Elephant can sting:

Ev'n I, by Chance, a lucky Shaft may pour;

And gall some great *Leviathan* of Pow'r.

I name not *W---e*; You the Reason guess;

Mark yon fell Harpy hov'ring o'er the Press!

Secure the Muse may sport with Names of Kings,

But Ministers, my Friend, are dang'rous Things.

Who

Who would have * *P---* answer what he writ?
Or special Juries, Judges of his Wit?

Pope writes unhurt -- but know, 'tis different quite
To beard the Lion, and to crush the Mite.
Safe may he dash the Statesman in each Line,
Those dread his Satire, who dare punish mine.

Turn, turn your Satire then, You cry, to Praise.
Why Praise is Satire, in these sinful Days.
Say should I make a Patriot of Sir *Bill*;
Or swear that *G---*'s Duke has Wit at Will,
From the gull'd Knight could I expect a Place?
Or hope to lye a Dinner from his Grace?
Tho' a Reward be graciously bestow'd
On the soft Satire of each Birth-day Ode.

The Good and Bad alike with Praise are blest;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least:
But conscious Vice still courts the chearing Ray,
While Virtue shines, nor asks the Glare of Day.
Need I to any *Pultney*'s Worth declare?
Or tell him *Carteret* charms, who has an Ear?
Or, *Pitt*, can thy Example be unknown,
While each fond Father marks it to his Son?

D

I can

* A famous Solicitor.

I cannot truckle to a Slave in State,
 And praise a Blockhead's Wit, because He's great ;
 Down, down, ye hungry Garretteers, descend,
 Call † *W-- Burleigh*, call him *Britain's Friend* ;
 Behold the genial Ray of Gold appear,
 And rouze, ye Swarms of *Grub-street* and *Rag-fair*.

See with what Zeal yon * tiny Insect burns,
 And follows Queens from Palaces to Urns :
 Tho' cruel Death has clos'd the Royal Ear,
 The flatt'ring Fly still buzzes round the Bier :
 But what avails, since Queens no longer live ?
 Why Kings can read, and Kings You know may give.
 A Mitre may repay his heav'nly Crown ;
 And while he decks her Brow, adorn his own.

Let Laureat C--r Birth-day Sonnets sing,
 Or *Fanny* crawl, an Ear-wig on the King ;
 While one is void of Wit, and one of Grace,
 Why should I envy either Song or Place ?

I could

† See these two Characters compar'd in the *Gazetteers* ; but lest none of those Papers should have escap'd their common Fate, see the two Characters distinguish'd in the *Craftsman*.

* A certain Court Chaplain, who wrote, or rather stole a Character of the late Queen from Dr. Burnet's Character of Queen Mary.

I could not flatter, the rich Butt to gain;
Nor sink a Slave, to rise *V--e C----n*.

Perish my Verse, whene'er one venal Line
Bedaubs a Duke, or makes a King divine.
First bid me swear, He's found who has the Plague,
Or *Horace* rivals *Stanhope* at the *Hague*.
What, shall I turn a Pander to the Throne,
And list with * *B--ll*, to roar for Half-a-Crown?
Sooner *T--r--l* shall with *Tully* vie:
Or *W--n--n* in Senate scorn a ---
Sooner *Iberia* tremble for her Fate
From *M---b's* Arms, or *Ab---n's* Debate.

Tho' fawning Flattery ne'er shall taint my Lays,
Yet know, when Virtue calls, I burst to praise.
Behold yon † Temple rais'd by *Cobham's* Hand,
Sacred to Worthies of his native Land:
Ages were ransack'd for the Wise and Great,
Till *Barnard* came, and made the Groupe compleat.
Be *Barnard* there ---enliven'd by the Voice,
Each Busto bow'd, and sanctify'd the Choice.

Point.

* A noted Agent to a Mob-Regiment, who is employ'd to reward their venal Vol-
un- tions on certain Occasions, with Half-a-Crown each Man.

† The Temple of *British* Worthies in the Gardens at *Stow*, in which the Lord
Cobham has lately erected the Busto of Sir *John Barnard*.

Pointless all Satire in these iron Times,
 Too faint are Colours, and too feeble Rhimes.
 Rise then, gay Fancy, future Glories bring,
 And stretch o'er happier Days thy healing Wing.
 Wrap'd into Thought, Lo! I *Britannia* see
 Rising superior o'er the subject Sea;
 View her gay Pendants spread their silken Wings,
 Big with the Fate of Empires and of Kings:
 The tow'ring Barks dance lightly o'er the Main,
 And roll their Thunder thro' the Realms of *Spain*
Peace, violated Maid, they ask no more,
 But waft her back triumphant to our Shore;
 While buxom *Plenty*, laughing in her Train,
 Glads ev'ry Heart, and crowns the Warriour's Pain
 On *Fancy*, on; still stretch the pleasing Scene,
 And bring fair *Freedom* with her golden Reign;
 Chear'd by whose Beams ev'n meagre Want can smile
 And the poor Peasant whistles 'midst his Toil.

Such Days, what *Briton* wishes not to see?
 And such each *Briton*, *FREDERICK*, hopes from Thee
 Point.

F I N I S.



A noted Agent to a Mob-Regiment, who is employ'd to reward their venal Vo-
 luntaries on certain Occasions, with £1000 each Man.
 The Temple of British Worth, the Gardens at Stew, in which the Lord
 has lately erected the Bust of Sir John Barnard.